SECUNDA VOX POPULI.

OR,

The Commons gratitude to the most Honorable PHILIP, Earle of Pembroke and Mongomery, for the great affection which hee alwaies bore unto them.

By *Thomas Herbert*.

Printed in the yeare 1641.

To the right honorable *Philip Herbert*, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron *Herbert* of Cardiffe, and Shirland, Lord Parre and Roos, of Kendall, Marmion, & Saint *Quintins*, Lord Warden of the Stanaries in the County of Devon, and Cornwall, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, Cornwall, Somerset, and Wiltes, Lord Chamberlain to his Majestie, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Chancellor of the Vniversity of Oxford, and one of his Majesties most honorable Privy Counsel.

Great SIR,

THe fancy of my Muse is forc'd to pause,
If that your Honour do require the cause,
'Tis this, I was not able to expresse
In you, what is Great *Britains* happinesse.
I long was woo'd to write your deserv'd praise,
And by so doing, promis'd was the Bayes,
Which *Cæsar*, *Virgil* wore, but tender yeers
To write that subject, fill'd my Muse with fears;
But yet again a *Herberts* name did move
Me for to write, and in't expresse my love,
Or rather duty, to your Honours fame,
Who as yet did ne're deserve the least blame,
Which envy could enforce; Pardon I crave,
That is the boon which I alone would have,
From you (great Sir,) Alas I was too bold,
For to write that which I do know you hold
As nothing; because 'tis your sole desire
To inflame *England* with a zealous fire.

THOMAS HERBERT.

BEfriend me *Apollo*, lend me *Orpheus* lire,
T'inchant the eares of men, make them admire:
Take home my Muſe unto thy cleareſt ſpring,
And waſh her cleane, then teach her how to ſing
Heroick ſtraines; for I muſt dedicate
This Poeme to a man that ſcornes curld Fate:
Hee's true to King and country, all will ſay;
The clouds of treaſon ne're eclipſt his day.
Some Angell dropt a quill from out his wing,
And bad me write, whilſt he called Fame to ſing.
O glorious *Clio*, waſh my muddy braine,
And teach me write ſome high aſpiring ſtraine,
ſuch as might make the ſtarry hoſt to wonder,
And make great *Iove* forget that he can thunder.
But I'me amaz'd, and this is all I feare,
Iove thinks himſelfe not ſafe whilſt Pembroke's here.
Methinks I ſee how *Mars* looks pale to ſee
A man in armes, more brave, more ſtout than hee;
And *Neptune* tell's, his skill upon the main
Is more than can b'expreſt by my dull ſtraine;
And *Hermes* offers him the greateſt ods,
To yeeld him Meſſenger unto the gods.
Once *Venus* view'd him as he walkt to ſee
The Spring adorn'd in her greene livery:
She ſtrait forgot *Adonis*, and grew coy
To her aſpiring *Mars*, and called him Boy.
Wiſht him looke downe upon the fertile earth,
Who had out-ſhone bright heaven by his high birth.
Hebe was ſo orecome with his bright eyes,
Shee'd like to have drownd the bright tranſlucent skies.

Looking

Looking on him, she stumbled, all appalld,
The place He di'd with wine, *Galactia* calld;
Nor is it heaven alone admires to see
This royall man, this brave Epitomie
Of all true vertue, he is the worlds wonder,
Mens shouts do clangor in the aire as thunder.
Have you not seen men holloo forth this straine,
God save our King, and the Lord Chamberlaine?
Have you not heard them whisper as you goe,
There goes Lord *Pembrook*, terror to our Foe?
The King doth hold him deare, the reason why,
None of his race did with a tympanie
Of high aspiring treason breake, but all
Were true by proofe, they were authenticall.
I'me strooke with wonder, I cannot expresse,
In his brave parts, our Kingdomes happinesse.
I've seene some meteors glimmer in the sky;
But after one brave blaze they fall and die.
Your fixt stars, though, still keepe their course and stand,
As Vassals, 'Tendants to great *Ioves* command;
To make reply, my Muse dares not aspire,
Hee's sure to burne, that doth but touch the fire.
Hee's sure a Foole that strives to pull downe stars,
I must not speake, when any high wheele jars.
'Tis now *Vox Populi* that is my Theame,
Come quicke invention, from *Pernassus* streame:
Bring *Tempe's* sweetnesse on thy nimble wing,
Perfume the bright aire, which so loud shall ring
At thy returne, as did the youths of Troy,
When they enjoy'd brave *Hector*, *Priams joy*.

Touch

Touch the earth weeds, make them in fweetneſſe joyne,
With the fine planted fragrant Eglantine,
As thou comeſt by make thou *Pembrooke* laugh,
We write Encomiums not an Epitaph.
When thou haſt done this then returne againe,
And Helicon reward thee for thy paine.
Give me that man that ſcornes the teeming earth,
When it's in labour with abortive birth:
He equalls the beſt ſeconded by none,
And Golden lines ſhall garnish his brave tombe.
The commons voyce it ſelfe with thus expreſſe,
In the brave *Herbert* lies our happineſſe.
Thou art that *Hermes* Usher to the ſunne,
Thou art his Gardiant when the day is done:
You are a Plague to Papiſts, friend to thoſe,
Who to baſe *Antichriſt* are ſworne foes.
The Pope doth tremble at our *Herberts* name,
The *Turkes* and *Soldan* tell your ſpreading fame.
Let us rejoyce and *Io* ſing as loud,
As thunder ſhot from a divided cloud.
Our King's the Sunne within our Horoſcope,
A terrour to the Devill and the Pope;
Our Nobles are thoſe fixt ſtars which doe ſhine
In their due place, each man in his own line,
Thoſe who have striv'd t'uſurpe our great Joves throne,
My joyes ſo great for them I cannot mourne.
Brave *Pembrooke* hath ſo fill'd our hearts with joy,
The Commons cry this is the pride of *Troy*.
One that will venture each limbe with his life,
To keepe the Vulgar from all forraigne ſtrife.
O what a joyfull thing it was to heare,
How He not long ſince lovingly did cheare.

The

The Commons heares, when Justice they did crave,
He pawnd his Honour, Justice they should have.
Which to the Commons did give such content,
As that their prayers quicke to heaven they sent:
That more such Peeres in England he would send,
So should all Taxes cease, and Schismes end.
Another said, had *Wentworth* beene like him,
He had not fear'd in bloody streames to swim.
Or if that Finch, a third man he did say,
Had been like him, he ne're had run away:
Each man his verdict of him, did bring in,
Not one convicting him of Traitors sin.
His vertues all admired singing againe,
Long live King *Charles* and his Lord *Chamberlane*.
Long live our King & crowne him with such Peers,
That hee may reigne most joyfull many yeers.
Your true hacht Eagle will not prey on flies,
Nor good men blot themselves with treacheries:
Vertue shall live, but Infamie kills dead
Each sprouting fortune in her maidenhead.
You that are staind with treasons inky blot,
And envy those men which as you are not,
Looke on our subject, Envy will grow milde,
To hate this man none sure can be so vilde.
Shall the whole kingdome ring a peale of praise
Vnto your Honour, and shall not I raise
My *Ela* straine, and stretch my throat to sing,
Out-caroll all our birds i'th pleasant spring?
But O! one vertue here among the rest
I have observ'd, deserves the terme of best:
Your Honors humble daigning to give eare
Vnto the abject'st vassall that comes neere

Your

Your Honor's but pray pardon my dull pen,
That I should forme of an host of men
Vncase my rustick Muse, which bawles so loud,
As if begot of *Ixion* in a clowd.
Your vertues do deserve a *Virgils* straine,
An *Ovids* verse, and not a home-spun braine.
The splendor of your vertues dim the skie,
Which I can't looke on with a Buzzards eye:
Your Sailes spred high, with greatest fortunes flow,
Excuse my gazing up, standing below,
The Commons voice runs thus of you, *I see*
The abstract of vertue, Epitomee
Of all Morality: He is the man
That gaines the hearts of all, do what all can.
Methinks 'tis non-sence to gainsay the right,
Or to deny the Sun-beame gives cleare light:
Vox Populi doth speake, we all agree,
Our best estates owe *Chamberlaine* a Fee,
Which must be payd with love, for he loves all
Which loyall are: Desert daserves no fall.
O! had my Muse been eloquent to raise
A phansie which might elevate the praise
Of his scarse paraleld vertue, surely then,
Writing his worth, I had got praise of men.
But O, my wits were dull, I wanted straine,
Calliope slept, she was not in the vaine
For to assist me. Yee Commons me excuse,
If height of your good wishes I abuse:
My wits were dull; but yet to after-age
His merits shall be shown upon this stage
Call'd Earth, his honour'd and most noble name
Shall live for ever, by the trump of Fame.

FINIS.

SECUNDA VOX POPULI.

OR,

The Commons gratitude to the moſt Honorable PHILIP, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery, for the great affection which hee alwaies bore unto them.

With ſome verſes upon his Lordſhips Election of Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

By WILLIAN CARTWRIGHT.

Printed in the yeare 1641.

To the right honorable *Philip Herbert*, Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron *Herbert* of Cardiſe, and Shirland, Lord Parre and Roos, of Kendall, Marmion, & Saint *Quintins*, Lord Warden of the Stanaries in the County of Devon, and Cornwall, Lord Lieytenant of Kent, Cornwall, Somerſet, and Wiltes, Lord Chamberlain to his Majeſtie, Knight of the moſt noble Order of the Garter, Chancellor of the Univerſity of Oxford, and one of his Majeſties moſt honorable privy Counſel.

Great SIR,

THe fancy of my Muſe is forc'd to pauſe.
If that your Honour do require the cauſe,
Tis this, I was not able to expreſſe
In you, what is Great *Britains* happineſſe.
I long was woo'd to write your deſerv'd praiſe,
And by ſo doing, promiſ'd was the Bayes,
Which *Cæſars Virgil* wore, but tender yeers
To write that ſubject, fill'd my muſe with fears;
But yet again a *Herberts* name did move
Me for to write, and in't expreſſe my love,
Or rather duty, to your Honours fame,
Who as yet did ne're deſerve the leaſt blame,
Which envy could enforce; Pardon I crave,
That is the boon which I alone would have,
From you (great Sir,) Alas I was too bold,
For to write that which I do know you hold
As nothing; becauſe 'tis your ſole deſire
To inflame *England* with a zealous fire.

THOMAS HERBERT.

With some Verses upon his Lordships Election of Chancellor of the Vniversity of Oxford.

MY LORD,

WHen Studies now are blasted, and the times
Place us in false lights, and see Arts as Crimes,
When to heap knowledge is but thought to fill
The minde with more advantage to doe ill:
When all your honoured Brothers choyce and store
Of Learn'd Remains with sweat and charge fetcht ore,
Are thought but uselesse Peeces; and some trust
To see our Schooles mingled with Abby dust.
That now you dare receive us, and professe
Your selfe our Patron, makes you come no lesse,
Then a new Founder; Whilst we all allow,
What was Defence before, is building now:
And this you were reserv'd for, set a part
For times of hazard; as the Shield and Dart
Laid up in store to be outrasted thence,
When serious need shall aske some try'd Defence;
And who more fit to manage the Gownes cause
Then you, whose even life may dare the lawes,
And the Law-makers too: in whom the Great
Is twisted with the Good, as Light with Heat;
What though your sadder cares doe not professe
To finde the Circles squaring, or to guesse
How many sands within a grayne or two
Will fill the World, these speculations doe
Steale man from man; You't he that can suggest
True Rules, and fashion manners to the b[illegible]
You can preserve our Charters from the wrongs
Of the untaught Towne, as far as now the tongue
Doth from their understanding, You can give
Freedome to men, and make them freedome live:
And divert hate from the now hated Arts,
These are your great endowments; these your parts,
And 'tis our honest boast, when this we scan,
We give a Title, but receive a man.

Your Lordships most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BE friend me *Apollo*, lend me *Orpheus* lire,
T'inchant the eares of men, make them admire:
Take home my Muse unto thy clearest spring,
And wash her cleane, her teeth her how to sing
Heroick straines; for I must celebrate
This Poem to a man that scornes euill Fate:
Hee's true to King and Country, all will say,
The clouds of treason ne're eclipst his day.
Some Angell dropt a feather from his wing,
And bad me write, while he call'd fame to sing:
O glorious *Clio*, wash my muddy braine,
And teach me write some high aspiring straine,
Such as might make the starry heau'n to wonder,
And make great *Iove* forget that he can thunder.
But I'me amaz'd, and this is all I feare,
Iove thinkes himselfe not safe while Pembroke's here.
Me thinks I see how *Mars* looks pale to see
A man in armes, more brave, more stout than hee:
And *Neptune* tells, his skill upon the waue
Is more than can b'expreſt by my dull straine;
And *Hermes* offers him the greateſt ods,
To yeeld him Meſſenger unto the gods.
Once *Venus* view'd him as he walkt to see
The Spring adorn'd in her green liuery,
She ſtrait forgot *Adonis*, and grew coy
To her aſpiring *Mars*, and call'd him Boy:
Wiſht him looke downe upon the fertile earth,
Who had out-ſhone brighe heaven by his light birth.
Hebe was ſo orecome with his bright eyes, (skies,
Shee'd like to have drown'd the bright tranſlucent
Looking on him, ſhe ſtumbled all appall'd,
The place he dy'd with Wine, *Ganimed* call'd;
Nor is it heaven alone admires to ſee
This royall man, this brave Epitomy
Of all true vertue, he is the worlds wonder,
Mens ſhouts do clanger in the ayre as thunder.
Have you not ſeen men holloo forth his ſtraine,
God ſave our King, and the Lord Chamberlaine?
Have you not heard them whiſper as you goe,
There goes Lord *Pembroke*, terrour to our Foe?

The King doth hold him deare, the reason why,
None of his race did with a tympany
Of high aſpiring treaſon breake, but all
Were true by proofe, they were authenticall.
I'me ſtrooke with wonder, I cannot expreſſe,
In his brave parts, our Kingdomes happineſſe.
I've ſeen ſome Meteors glimmer in the ſky;
But after one brave blaze they fall and die.
Your fixt ſtars, though, ſtill keep their courſe and ſtand,
As Vaſſals, Tendants to great *Ioves* command:
To make reply, my Muſe dares not aſpire,
Hee's fire to burn, that doth but touch the fire.
Hee's fire a Foole that ſtrives to pull down ſtars,
I muſt not ſpeak, when any high wheel jars.
'Tis now *Vox populi* that is my Theame,
Come quick Invention, from *Parnaſſus* ſtreame:
Bring *Tempe's* ſweetneſſe on thy nimble wing,
Perfume the bright aire, which ſo loud ſhall ring
At thy return, as did the youths of Troy,
When they enjoy'd brave *Hector*, *Priams* joy.
Touch the earth weeds, make them in ſweetneſſe joyne,
With the fine planted fragrant Eglantine.
As thou commeſt by make thou *O Pembroke* laugh,
We write Encomiums, not an Epitaph.
When thou haſt done this then return again,
And Helicon reward thee for thy paine.
Give me that man that ſcorns the teeming earth,
When it's in labour with abortive birth:
He equals the beſt ſeconded by none,
And golden lines ſhall garniſh his brave tomb.
The Commons voyce it ſelfe will thus expreſſe:
In the brave *Herbert* lies our happineſſe;
Thou art that *Hermes* Uſher to the Sunne,
Thou art his Gardiant when the day is done:
You are a plague to Papiſt, friend to thoſe,
Who unto baſe Antichriſt are ſworn foes.
The Pope doth tremble at our *Herberts* name,
The Turks and Soldan tell your ſpreading fame.
Let us rejoyce and *Io* ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from a divided cloud.

Our

Our King's the Sun within our Horoſcope,
A terrour to the Devill and the Pope;
Our Nobles are thoſe fixt ſtars which do ſhine
In their due place, each man in his own line,
Thoſe who have ſtriv'd t'uſurpe our great Joves throne,
My joy's ſo great for them I cannot mourn.
Brave *Pembroke* hath fo fill'd our hearts with joy,
The Commons cry this is the pride of Troy.
One that will venture each limbe with his life,
To keepe the Vulgar from all forraigne ſtrife.
O what a joyfull thing it was to heare,
How He not long ſince lovingly did cheare
The Commons hearts, when juſtice they did crave,
He pawnd his honour, juſtice they ſhould have.
Which to the Commons did give ſuch content,
As that their prayers quick to heaven they ſent,
That more ſuch Peeres in England he would ſend,
So ſhould all Taxes ceaſe, and Schiſmes end.
Another ſaid, had *Wentworth* been like him,
He had not fear'd in bloody ſtreames to ſwim.
Or if that Finch, a third man he did ſay,
Had been like him, he ne're had run away;
Each man his verdict of him did bring in,
Not one convicting him of Traitors ſin.
His vertues all admir'd, ſinging again,
Long live King *Charles* and his Lord Chamberlaine.
Long live our King and crown him with ſuch Peers,
That he may reign moſt joyfull many years.
Your true hatcht Eagle will not prey on flies,
Nor good men blot themſelves with treacheries:
Vertue ſhall live, but Infamy kils dead
Each ſprouting fortune in her maidenhead.
You that are ſtain'd with Treaſons inky blot,
And envy thoſe men which as you are not,
Look on our ſubject, Envie will grow milde,
To hate this man none ſure can be ſo vilde.
Shall the whole kingdome ring a peale of praiſe
Unto your Honour, and ſhall not I raiſe,
My *Ela* ſtraine, and ſtretch my throat to ſing,
Out-caroll all our birds i'th pleaſant ſpring?

But

But Oh ! one vertue here among the rest,
I have observ'd, deserves the terme of best :
Your Honours humble daigning to give care
Unto the abjectst vassall that comes neere
Your Honour ; but pray pardon my dull pen,
That I should formost of an host of men
Uncase my rustick Muse, which hawles so loud,
As if begot of *Ixion* in a cloud.
Your vertues doe deserve a *Virgils* straine,
An *Ovids* verse, and not an home-spun braine.
The splendor of your vertues dim the skie,
Which I can't looke on with a Buzzards eye :
Your Sailes spred high, with greatest fortunes flow,
Excuse my gazing up, standing below
The Commons voyce runs thus of you, *I see*
The abstract of vertue, Epitome
Of all Morality : He is the man
That gaines the hearts of all, do what all can,
Me thinkes 'tis non-sence to gainsay the right,
Or to deny the Sun-beame gives cleare light :
Vox Populi doth speake, we all agree,
Our best estates owe *Chamberlaine* a Fee,
Which must be paid with love, for he loves all
Which loyall are : Desert deserves no fall.
O I had my Muse been eloquent to raise
A phansie which might elevate the praise
Of his scarce paralleld vertue, surely then,
Writing his worth, I had got praise of men.
But O, my wits were dull, I wanted straine,
Calliope slept, she wits not in the vaine
For to assist me. Ye Commons me excuse,
If height of your good wishes I abuse :
My wits were dull, but yet to aft er-age
His merits shall be shewne upon this stage
Call'd Earth, his honour'd and noble name
Shall live for ever, by the trump of Fame.

FINIS.